

HOTEL STEWART

SAN FRANCISCO
Geary Street, just off Union square
European Plan \$1.50 a day up
Breakfast for Lunch \$1.00 Dinner \$1.00
Most Famous Meals in the United States
New steel and concrete structure.
350 rooms, 250 connecting
bathrooms. Homelike comfort
rather than unnecessarily
expensive luxury. In center of
theatre, cafe and retail districts.
On car lines transferring all
over city. Fake municipal car-
line direct to door. Motor Bus
meets trains and steamers.
Hotel Stewart is recognized as Ha-
waiian Island headquarters. Cable
address "Stewart" A. B. O. Code.
J. H. Love, Honolulu Representative.

PLEASANTON HOTEL

LUXURIOUS AND
COMFORTABLE
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS
100 ROOMS 50 BATHS

Wahiawa Hotel

Nearly 1000 feet elevation; near de-
pot; grand scenery; fine bass fishing.
For particulars address E. L. KRUESS,
Wahiawa. Phone 6393.

HEINIE'S TAVERN

Most Popular Beach Resort in
the City.
Rates that are Right—
American and European Plan.
"On the Beach at Waikiki"

MESSENGER AND LAUNDRY

PHONE 3461

INDIVIDUAL STYLES IN MILLINERY

Direct from New York
MISS POWER, Boston Bldg.

SILVA'S TOGGERY

Limited
THE STORE FOR GOOD
CLOTHES
Elke Building, King Street

If you want Flowers You Need Us!

MRS. E. M. TAYLOR,
Florist, Opp. Young Cafe

Manufacturers Shoe Co. Ltd.

Dealers in Shoes of Quality
1051 Fort St. Phone 1782

Have Plenty of Pure ICE these hot days.

Call 1128 for prompt delivery.

OAHU ICE CO.

Cement Workers' Tools of every kind

LEWERS & COOKE, Ltd.

NOTHING COUNTS LIKE SERVICE—WE GIVE IT.

KERSHNER VULCANIZING
CO., LTD.
1177 Alakea St. Phone 2434
Fisk and Miller Tires

McInerney Park Elegant Lots

CHAS. DESKY, Agent
Merchant, near Fort

H. MIYAKE

Oriental Art Goods
Fort, above Beretania

CANTON DRY GOODS COMPANY

Hotel St., near Bethel St.

Just Arrived! New VICTOR RECORDS for May

BERNSTEIN MUSIC CO., Ltd.

Sport Shirts for Vacation Days

The Ideal
Hotel, Ewa of Fort

BEFORE ADAM



Copyright, 1907, by the MacMillan company.

Another time I found a dry gourd, inside of which the seeds rattled. I had great fun with it for awhile. But it was a plaything, nothing more. And yet it was not long after this that the using of gourds for storing water became the general practise of the horde. But I was not the inventor. The honor was due to old Marrow Bone, and it is fair to assume that it was the necessity of his great age that brought about the innovation.

At any rate, the first member of the horde to use gourds was Marrow Bone. He kept a supply of drinking water in his cave, which cave belonged to his son, the Hairless One, who permitted him to occupy a corner of it. We used to see Marrow Bone filling his gourd at the drinking place and carrying it carefully up to his cave. Imitation was strong in the folk, and first one and then another and another procured a gourd and used it in similar fashion, until it was a general practise with all of us to store water.

Sometimes old Marrow Bone had sick spells and was unable to leave the cave. Then it was that the Hairless One filled the gourd for him. A little later the Hairless One deputed the task to Long Lip, his son. And after that, even when Marrow Bone was well again, Long Lip continued carrying water for him. By and by, except on unusual occasions, the men never carried any water at all, leaving the task to the women and larger children. Lop Ear and I were independent. We carried water only for our selves, and we often mocked the young water carriers when they were called away from play to fill the gourds.

Progress was slow with us. We played through life, even the adults, much in the same way that children play, and we played as none of the other animals played. What little we learned was usually in the course of play and was due to our curiosity and keenness of appreciation. For that matter, the one big invention of the horde during the time I lived with it was the use of gourds. At first we stored only water in the gourds, in imitation of old Marrow Bone. But one day some one of the women—I do not know which one—filled a gourd with blackberries and carried it to the cave. In no time all the women were carrying berries and nuts and roots in the gourds. The idea, once started, had to go on. Another evolution of the carrying receptacle was due to the women. Without doubt some woman's gourd was too small, or else she had forgotten her gourd. But be that as it may, she bent two great leaves together, pinning the seams with twigs, and carried home a bigger quantity of berries than could have been contained in the largest gourd.

So far we got and no farther in the transportation of supplies during the years I lived with the folk. It never entered anybody's head to weave a basket out of willow withes. Sometimes the men and women tied tough vines about the bundles of ferns and branches that they carried to the caves to sleep upon. Possibly in ten or twenty generations we might have worked up to the weaving of baskets. And of this one thing is sure—if once we wove withes into baskets the next and inevitable step would have been the weaving of cloth. Clothes without have followed, and with covering our nakedness would have come modesty. Thus was momentum gained in the younger world. But we were without this momentum. We were just getting started, and we could not go far in a single generation. We were without weapons, without fire and in the raw beginning of speech. The device of writing lay so far in the future that I am appalled when I think of it.

Even I was once on the verge of a great discovery. To show you how fortuitous was development in those days let me state that had it not been for the gluttony of Lop Ear I might have brought about the domestication of the dog. And this was something that the Fire People who lived to the northeast had not yet achieved. They were without dogs. This I knew from observation. But let me tell you how Lop Ear's gluttony possibly set back our social development many generations.

Well to the west of our caves was a great swamp, but to the south lay a stretch of low, rocky hills. These were little frequented for two reasons. First of all, there was no food there of the kind we ate, and next, those rocky hills were filled with the lairs of carnivorous beasts.

But Lop Ear and I strayed over to the hills one day. We would not have strayed had we not been teasing a tiger. Please do not laugh. It was old Saber Tooth himself. We were perfectly safe. We chanced upon him in the forest early in the morning, and from the safety of the branches overhead we chattered down at him our dislike and hatred. And from branch to branch and from tree to tree we followed overhead, making an infernal row and warning all the forest dwellers that old Saber Tooth was coming.

We spoiled his hunting for him, anyway. And we made him good and hungry. He snarled at us and lashed his tail, and sometimes he panted and stared up at us quietly for a long time, as if debating in his mind some way by which he could get hold of us. But we only laughed and pelted him with twigs and the ends of branches.

This tiger baiting was common sport among the folk. Sometimes half the horde would follow from overhead a tiger or lion that had ventured out in the daytime. It was our revenge, for

more than one member of the horde, caught unexpectedly, had gone the way of the tiger's belly or the lion's. Also by such ordeals of helplessness and shame we taught the hunting animals to some extent to keep out of our territory. And, then, it was funny. It was a great game.

And so Lop Ear and I chased Saber Tooth across three miles of forest. Toward the last he put his tail between his legs and fled from our gibing like a beaten cur. We did our best to keep up with him, but when we reached the edge of the forest he was no more than a streak in the distance.

I don't know what prompted us, unless it was curiosity, but after playing around awhile Lop Ear and I ventured across the open ground to the edge of the rocky hills. We did not go far. Possibly at no time were we more than a hundred yards from the trees. Coming around a sharp corner of rock (we went very carefully, because we did not know what we might encounter) we came upon three puppies playing in the sun.

They did not see us, and we watched them for some time. They were wild dogs. In the rock wall was a horizontal fissure, evidently the lair where their mother had left them and where



We Came Upon Three Puppies Playing in the Sun.

they should have remained had they been obedient. But the growing life, that in Lop Ear and me had impelled us to venture away from the forest, had driven the puppies out of the cave to frolic. I know how their mother would have punished them had she caught them.

But it was Lop Ear and I who caught them. He looked at me, and then we made a dash for it. The puppies knew no place to run except into the lair, and we headed them off. One rushed between my legs. I squatted and grabbed him. He sank his sharp little teeth into my arm, and I dropped him in the suddenness of the hurt and surprise. The next moment he had scurried inside.

Lop Ear, struggling with the second puppy, scowled at me and intimated by a variety of sounds the different kinds of a fool and a bungler that I was. This made me ashamed and spurred me to valor. I grabbed the remaining puppy by the tail. He got his teeth into me once, and then I got him by the nape of the neck. Lop Ear and I sat down and held the puppies up and looked at them and laughed.

They were snarling and yelping and crying. Lop Ear started suddenly. He thought he had heard something. We looked at each other in fear, realizing the danger of our position. The one thing that made animals raging demons was tampering with their young. And these puppies that made such a racket belonged to the wild dogs. Well we knew them, running in packs, the terror of the grass eating animals. We had watched them following the herds of cattle and bison and dragging down the calves, the aged and the sick. We had been chased by them ourselves more than once. I had seen one of the folk, a woman, run down by them and caught just as she reached the shelter of the woods. Had she not been tired out by the run she might have made it into a tree. She tried and slipped and fell back. They made short work of her.

We did not stare at each other longer than a moment. Keeping tight hold of our prizes, we ran for the woods. Once in the security of a tall tree, we held up the puppies and laughed again. You see, we had to have our laugh out, no matter what happened.

CHAPTER VII.

And then began one of the hardest tasks I ever attempted. We started to carry the puppies to our cave. Instead of using our hands for climbing, most of the time they were occupied with holding our squirming captives. Once we tried to walk on the ground, but were tried by a miserable hyena, who followed along underneath. He was a wise hyena.

WAR, PATRIOTISM AND FREE SPACE

(An Editorial from Printers' Ink)

At the beginning of the war great pressure was brought to bear upon the newspapers of the various belligerent nations to donate their advertising space for patriotic purposes. From so many quarters did the appeals come that it soon became evident the publishers would go bankrupt if they yielded to all the calls. Consequently, they soon saw the necessity of a definite policy and of concerted action. They were patriotic and were anxious to do all they could to promote the cause of their respective governments.

But—is not advertising space a commodity with just as definite a value and just as fixed a manufacturing cost as a case of cartridges or a carload of canned goods?

If the manufacturers of munitions and other supplies were to be paid for the products of their factories, then why should not the manufacturers of advertising space be paid for the products of their factories? To give their space away would be to depreciate the value of advertising in the mind of the public at large.

We are all familiar with the advertising campaign in England to secure recruits, and we all know what great results were achieved. Now, this space was paid for in cash—not donated. The individual publishers contributed to the fund in the shape of checks and taxes, just like other business men.

Similarly, in Canada, the publishers had to decide what their policy would be. Did patriotism demand that they donate their space to all the objects growing out of war conditions? Or, were they justified in viewing their advertising as having as fixed a value as any other commodity needed for the equipment of the army and the prosecution of the war?

The answer is supplied in a letter to Printer's Ink from Charles F. Roland, president and general manager of the Winnipeg Telegram. We commend Mr. Roland's logic to the body of men who, in the years to come, expect to continue making their living out of the sale or purchase of advertising space:

"The policy adopted by the three Winnipeg papers is to charge the 10,000-line rate to all patriotic, Red Cross societies and organizations doing war-relief work. This plan was considered from a business standpoint, as advertising space is the only commodity the newspaper has to sell.

"I might add that the three Winnipeg papers are contributing

in cash to patriotic funds \$7,000 this year; the Winnipeg Free Press giving \$3,400, the Winnipeg Telegram \$2,500 and the Winnipeg Tribune \$1,200. I understand this same policy was adopted in Toronto by the Toronto Mail and Empire, the Globe, the World and the News.

"Previous to February 1, when I became associated with the Winnipeg Telegram, I held the position of secretary-treasurer of both the Manitoba Patriotic Fund and the Manitoba Red Cross Society. During the first year of the war we raised by public subscription, through the use of from four-column to full-page appeals in the newspapers, over \$1,000,000 in cash; for the Red Cross Society we used only small space, which had the result of bringing in over \$250,000 in cash and supplies during the first year.

"Ten days ago Winnipeg required \$50,000 additional funds for patriotic purposes. The committee in charge of the campaign used five-column display announcements in each of the three Winnipeg papers for five days, and when the campaign closed the amount was over-subscribed.

"The Canadian Red Cross Society has sent millions of dollars' worth of goods to the battlefields of Europe, and the Manitoba Patriotic Fund, which helps to provide for the wives and children of the soldiers on active service, is paying out nearly \$100,000 per month.

"It would be just as reasonable for the Red Cross Society to go to one of our wholesale dry-goods houses and ask them to supply one hundred rolls of hospital linen as it would be to come to our newspapers and ask us to contribute our space free. Our space is just as much of a staple commodity with us as the linen is with the wholesale dry-goods house.

"The policy adopted has received no criticism; on the other hand, the patriotic societies only use a limited amount of space at such times as they are absolutely in need of funds."

There can be no question but that the stand of the Canadian and English papers is both patriotic and business-like. Under such a policy as Mr. Roland describes, advertising will emerge from the war with respect for it increased, rather than diminished.

Supposing the Canadian publishers had chosen to give away a million dollars' worth of space. People would have been quick to say, "Oh, it didn't cost anything—probably it isn't worth anything!"

But, instead of giving away a million dollars' worth of space, the Canadian papers charged their government a fair price and then, from a modest campaign, produced a million dollars' worth of results.

Which is the better advertisement of advertising—to give away a million dollars' worth of space, or to demonstrate that intelligent advertising can be made to yield a million dollars in direct returns?

And as for patriotism—we think the stand of the Canadian publishers was absolutely unimpeachable. What is freely given away is always lightly esteemed. If the Canadian dailies had donated out of hand a million dollars' worth of space, the chances are the space would have been filled with perfunctory, flabby copy. There would have been no returns worth talking about, and advertising would have received another black eye.

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, meeting this week in New York, has just put out a bulletin to its members, the sentiments in which seem, not only to Printers' Ink, but to a great number of advertisers and advertising agents, to be thoroughly sound and deserving of applause. This is the official expression of the greatest and most influential organization of newspapers anywhere in the world:

"Is the American Newspaper Published for Love?"

"Great Britain advertises in the newspapers for recruits and pays the newspapers for transmitting its messages to the public.

"Canada pays the newspapers for advertising her apple crop, for patriotism and production, a campaign to secure increase in agricultural production and a town-plot-cultivation campaign to increase the number of backyard gardens under cultivation, and also a campaign to increase the consumption of peaches and plums.

"The United States Government, and some others, seem to view the newspaper as an omnibus, designed for free transportation. The Government, however, pays its way in all other lines, including billboards for securing recruits.

"Are the newspapers of Great Britain and of Canada lacking in patriotism? Henry Ford pays for his peace advertising. The American Defense Society seeks the news columns to push its propaganda."

Printers' Ink believes in patriotism, preparedness and publicity—but refuses to believe they are objects of charity.

Lop Ear got an idea. He remembered how we tied up bundles of leaves to carry home for beds. Breaking off some tough vines, he tied his puppy's legs together and then, with another piece of vine passed around his neck, slung the puppy on his back. This left him with hands and feet free to climb. He was jubilant and did not wait for me to finish tying my puppy's legs, but started on. There was one difficulty, however. The puppy wouldn't stay slung on Lop Ear's back. It swung round to the side and then on in front. Its teeth were not tied, and the next thing it did was to sink its teeth into Lop Ear's soft and unprotected stomach. He let out a scream, nearly fell and clutched a branch violently with both hands to save himself. The vine around his neck broke, and the puppy, its four legs still tied, dropped to the ground. The hyena proceeded to dine.

Lop Ear was disgusted and angry. He abused the hyena and then went off alone through the trees. I had no reason that I knew for wanting to carry the puppy to the cave except that I wanted to, and I stayed by my task. I made the work a great deal easier by elaborating on Lop Ear's idea. Not only did I tie the puppy's legs, but I thrust a stick through his jaws and tied them together securely.

At last I got the puppy home. I imagine I had more pertinacity than the average folk, or else I should not have succeeded. They laughed at me when

they saw me lugging the puppy up to my high little cave, but I did not mind. Success crowned my efforts, and there was the puppy. He was a plaything such as none of the folk possessed. He learned rapidly. When I played with him and he bit me I boxed his ears, and then he did not try again to bite for a long time.

I was quite taken up with him. He was something new, and it was a characteristic of the folk to like new things. When I saw that he refused fruits and vegetables, I caught birds for him and squirrels and young rabbits. (We folk were meat eaters as well as vegetarians, and we were adept at catching small game). The puppy ate the meat and thrived. As well as I can estimate, I must have had him over a week. And then, coming back to the cave one day with a nestful of young hatched pheasants, I found Lop Ear had killed the puppy and was just beginning to eat him. I sprang for Lop Ear—the cave was small—and we went at it tooth and nail.

And thus, in a fight, ended one of the earliest attempts to domesticate the dog. We pulled hair out in handfuls and scratched and bit and gouged. Then we sat back and made up. After that we ate the puppy. Raw? Yes. We had not yet discovered fire. Our evolution into cooking animals lay in the light rolled scroll of the future. Red Eye was an aviator. He was the great discordant element in our

horde. He was more primitive than any of us. He did not belong with us, yet we were still so primitive ourselves that we were incapable of a cooperative effort strong enough to kill him or cast him out. Rude as was our social organization, he was, nevertheless, too rude to live in it. He

tended always to destroy the horde by his unsocial acts. He was really a reversion to an earlier type, and his place was with the Tree People rather than with us who were in the process of becoming men.

(To be Continued Tomorrow).

10,000 Sq. Ft. of Floor Space

Adapted to manufacturing, merchandising or commission merchant display rooms.

Includes two floors and basement. Premises now occupied by Star-Bulletin, Kerr Building, on Alakea Street.

Inquire Star-Bulletin Office